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Hebrew and Biblical scholar, the author of a Hebrew Grammar, written at the express desire of the heads of the University for the use of the students, and of a book of Hebrew selections, initiatory to the study of that language; both these publications are deservedly in high repute as school books. Mr. Jones was an accomplished general scholar, and upon all subjects relating to Sacred History and Divinity he was profoundly skilled. To his learning were added great piety and moral worth, and a modesty which prevented him from making any vain display of his erudition: to be useful was his aim, and those who have had the advantage of his instructions, will readily acknowledge their deep and lasting obligations to him. He was connected with the Feinaglian Institution in this city, as lecturer in Hebrew and Divinity, for nearly seventeen years. It is gratifying to record of one whose talents and attainments were of so high an order, that he was in heart and soul an unwearied and humble follower of Christ, and an earnest teacher of the great truths of Christianity; to this end he rightly considered all his powers bestowed.

We may add, that Mr. Jones was one of those deserving few, whom the thirst of knowledge enables to overcome difficulties, which to others, less laborious, seem insurmountable; for he was originally intended for a mechanical trade, and it was only by unceasing diligence, that he attained the learning which gained him the respect of all who knew him.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

TO MOOËE, ON LALLA ROOKH.

Delightful poet of my native land,
Heart-searching Moore! pouring thy various song,
Such as of old on Persia's conquer'd strand
Inspired Timotheus sang. Now deep and strong
A prophet bard, with freedom on thy tongue;
Now bending o'er love's lyre with trembling hand—
Now laughing with Anacreon along,
Through vine bowers, by sports and graces fanned.
But here, here mingle all the passionate beams
That ever dawned above young lover's dreams,
Or patriot's eagle gaze—all center here:
Thou, with a master-hand, hast touched the spring
Of rapture and of pity—and this tear
Is truer praise than flattering lips can bring.

A. de V.—1817

SONETTO.

Son queste amor, le vaghe trecce bionde
Tra fresche rose e puro latte sparte,
Ch' i' prender bruno, e far vendetto in parte
Delle piaghe, ch' i' porto aspre e profonde?
E questo quel bel ciglio, in cui s'asconde
Chi le mie voglie, com'ei vuoi comparte?
Son questi gli occhi, onde i' t'uo stral si parte?
Nè con tal forza uscir potrebbe altronde.
Deh chi i' bel volto in breve carta ha chiuso
Cui lo mio stil ritrarre indarno prova:
Ne in ciò me sol, ma l'arte insieme accuso.
Stiamo a veder la meraviglia nova,
Che 'n Adria il mar produce, e l'antico uso
Di partorir celesti dee rinnova.

DELLA CASA.

TRANSLATION.

Are these, O Love! the charming tresses, fair,
Sporting mid roses fresh, and purest white,
Which for the heart-wounds cruel, deep, I bear;
I long to plunder in revengeful spite.
Are these the eyebrows where th' enchantress hides,
Whose spells my soul, and prostrate will enchain?
Are these the eyes whence Love! thine arrow glides,
Fraught with the magic force those eyes contain?
Ah! whose skill'd pencil with such life endues
Those pictured charms my rhymes to trace make bold;
But fail my pow'rs—or fails thine art, O muse!
Do we some novel miracle behold?
Adria's sea its wonders past renews,
And bears celestials as 'twas wont of old!

H. Y.

FAIR EYES,

OR THE PILGRIM AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

(A SIMILE.)

There was a time when did that soft blue eye,
Each finer feeling of my soul excite
To admiration, for it seem'd the light
Of heaven was there infused from the sky;
And lent a holy brightness to each glance,
With power to bless—or to destroy, perchance.

I loved you then, nor deem'd that on my head
The fatal lightning of that glance should fall;
Ah! happy then! in woman's looks unread,
The cup of sweetness yet unmixed with gall!
Now dear experience teaches me to know
The perfect cunning of each artful look,
To trace the demon ever hid below
The heavenly aspect of that placid brook,
Whence oft I've tasted draughts of deepest joy,
And deem'd them pure—unmingled with alloy.

Thine eyes are like the current of a bright
And graceful stream, not pure, but seeming pure;
Fair-wandering, and refreshing to the sight
Of panting travellers whom its waves allure.
Sweetly it seems its smiling course to hold,
In gentle glidings o'er the peaceful vale,
Touching in kindness, not abrupt or bold—
The flowery banks that joy to bid it hail!

Suspicion bows his head, nor dares to think
The waters of that icy stream contain
One drop unblest, that, should the pilgrim drink,
Can turn his once delicious draught to pain.
He drinks, alas!—and ah, too late detects
The bubbling demon at the fountain's head:
There sits he grimly smiling, and directs
The streamlet's course, too faithfully obeyed;
Slow-working poison mingles from his hands,
Pollutes the stream, and stains the yellow sands!

If, too, at eve the exhausted Pilgrim stays,
And slowly lifts his weary eyes along
The margin where that fairy current strays,
And seeks those flowers so blooming and so young—
Those blossoms that like early hopes looked gay—
Whither, ah! whither did they fade away?
Yes, they are faded, ne'er to bloom again;
So wither hopes, nor with so little pain.

'Tis not the chill of evening that has so
Descended on these blossoms, and destroyed
Their noontide freshness sadly at a blow,
And killed the promise of this morning's pride;
The dew of night had fostered them, and given
Fresh strength and vigour for to-morrow's fire;
So earthly hopes receive support from heaven,
When virtuous thoughts the mortal breast inspire.

The demon's work is this, whose feeble heart
Requires new food for her diurnal joy;
Fresh flow'rs, as fair, to-morrow will impart,
As sweet in fragrance, and in hopes as high.
But to decline, as these have lately done,
So crop on crop its short bright course must run,
Till cold satiety shall wake that spirit's dream,
And time disturb the clearness of the stream.

Ah! may no secret, unsuspected fiend
Ere then disturb its smooth and placid course;
For there's an airy figure I have ween'd—
(How much unlike the demon at the source!)
That flits across my wandering fancy still,
Whom it were heavenly to shield from ill!

Her influence gives whate'er there is of joy,
Whate'er of beauty to those glassy waves;
Can she be conscious that those waves destroy?
A devil tortures, but an angel saves.
Oh! were she mortal, and the sister whom
I loved, but with a brother's pure regard,
'Twere sweet to cherish still that rose's bloom,
And fatal cankers from its heart discard!

This airy form still to the Pilgrim's eye
Seemed in the twilight tempting him to stay;
But fate forbids, wide fields before him lie,
Sadly he turns upon his lonely way;
And when that stream had faded from his sight,
Thus he resigned him to the shades of night.

Now Philomela, tender bird of eve,
Let me be sad, and listen to thy song;
With thee in resignation let me grieve.
For one unlike thee, as I stroll along.
And as thy story pours upon my ear
Its accents of sincerity and woe,
Teach me with thee to make the night less drear,
And soothe my heart with music while I go.
Thy mate will come ere long to thee, and join
His notes of touching melody to thine;*
I wander still a solitary bard,
No friend to cheer, or make my lot less hard.

ROSENKRANZ.

* Let naturalists rail as they will, it is the privilege
of poets, from Virgil downwards, to make the swan a
singing bird, and the female nightingale as well.—
Pictoribus atque poetis quidlibet audenti, &c.—Ed.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Among the new works promised, and in preparation, are the following—A Complete History of the Jews, in Ancient and Modern Times, by the Rev. George Croly. The sixth volume of Curtis's British Entomology; being Illustrations, &c. of the Genera of Insects found in Great Britain and Ireland—Conversations for the Young, in illustration of the Nature of Religion, by the Rev. Richard Watson. A Life of the great Gustavus of Sweden, by Captain Sherer. Three Courses and a Dessert, by George Cruikshank, with fifty engravings from original drawings—Panorama of the Maine, from Mayence to Frankfort, drawn from nature, by F. W. Delkeskamp, with a Description of the Places on each bank of the River, &c.—Panoramic View of the most Remarkable Objects in Switzerland, taken from Mount Righe, by Henry Keller: to which is attached, a Circular View of the Country, &c. by General Pflyfer; with descriptive letter-press. A work on the State of France by M. de Chateaubriand, is expected to appear very shortly.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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